

The Cincinnati Enquirer Again—How and Malicious Slanders against John R. Williams.

Last week we took occasion to notice the position of this paper on temperance and temperance men. This week we regret that it is over-dut to notice its Editor, Hiram H. Robinson, for a malicious attack upon the private character and reputation of our old and much esteemed friend and co-worker, John R. Williams. We say we regret the necessity of this notice; but there is no evasion from it, unless we are recumbent to our duty. We feel bound to defend to the best of our humble ability, the fair fame of one who has been so unjustly vilified in (to him) a land of strangers, while in the discharge of his duties as a Christian, a man and a temperance lecturer.

In the "Enquirer" of Saturday last, we find the following extract, with comments annexed, under the Editorial head, indicating its paternity.

A Recrunt to his Principles.—A Maine Law Advocate in Limbo.

A man named Oliver B. Strong, was this morning tried by the Police Court for sedition. Strong has for some time past been a temperance lecturer, trying strongly the necessity of the passage of the Maine Law. He was formerly a convict in the Ohio Penitentiary, having been sent there on a charge of passing counterfeit money, and was reprieved by Governor Wood. The distinguished lecturer was quite indignant at the charge; unrolled his handkerchief, wiping his forehead; claimed to have been drugged at Gough, &c., but it was no go. The evidence was too strong for Strong, and although strongly protesting his strong principles, the strong arm of the law was laid upon him.—Cincinnati Herald, 29th.

That fellow is evidently not the only Maine Law lecturer who has had his knavery covered over with a Temperance mantle, and who has been in the Penitentiary, or who is worthy of it. An old set, who ran through all the grades of infamy, according to his own "confessions," lectures occasionally in the streets of this city. What a moral reform enterprise can gain in dignity and influence by having for its agent such a miserable dog, is more than we can imagine. He would fall in his darts, if, instead of standing up as a lecturer, he was labeled as a culprit, and fastened to the pillory every night of his polluted life.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Now, there can be no justification for so bitter and violent an attack upon so humble, harmless and inoffensive a man as John R. Williams is acknowledged to be by all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance. This is the character universally accorded him by every man, woman and child in Ohio, and elsewhere, who know him. As Mr. Williams is a stranger in our city, and but few of our citizens know anything about him, and as it is plainly intimated by this man Robinson, that he is a "Penitentiary bird," we feel it a duty as well as a pleasure to bear our testimony in his behalf. We have known him for years, and we speak knowingly. Mr. Williams was formerly a citizen of Baltimore, then of Pittsburgh, and now of Salem, Columbiana county, Ohio. He is an honest man in every and in the broadest sense of the word; and the only wrong he ever committed was to himself and family, by spending about twenty years of his life in drunkenness. This is the sin of his life. He was the secret signer of the famous Baltimore Washingtonian Society. Since then he has lived a sober life, and made ample amends for all his previous misdeeds, by devoting the whole of his time, talents and indomitable energy to the redemption and elevation of his fallen fellow man. He is now the chief-officer of the Order of the Sons of Temperance in Ohio—a position that carries with it more honor than any office in the State, and that can only be filled by gentlemen of high moral character. Mr. Williams has more warm and devoted friends and fewer enemies than any other man in Ohio. This is a small sketch of the man that this man Robinson has so bitterly assailed in his filthy sheet. He never harmed, or said ought against the honesty of Robinson. He is no ranting politician. He has no identity in Hamilton county, more than any other citizen of the State. Then, why this foul and bitter attack? We can see no motive that could prompt this "dog, and descendant of the meanest dog," to pen the article. His is a craven, black heart, and he could not help it, is the only reason we can give. Somebody must be the recipient of his biliousness.

But who is this man, Hiram H. Robinson? Who is this moral, honest man that prates so much about morals and honesty, knavery, felons and penitentiary convicts?

We know him only as the Editor of the "Enquirer"—an exquisite and dandy, a coffee-house, or rather select lounge—a consummate liar, and a black-hearted libeler of every man that may chance to fall beneath his ire. He is a foul blot upon the editorial fraternity of the Queen City. That our readers, and the public may know who this Robinson is, we make a few extracts from the official "Journal of the Debates and Proceedings of the Convention for the Revision of the Constitution of Ohio." On pages 493-4 of vol. 2, we find the following remarks of Mr. Hawkins, the member from Morgan county, and a citizen of McConnellsville, in reply to a slanderous article from this same Robinson. Mr. H. was long and intimately acquainted with him—knew him "like a book."

"Mr. Hawkins—I return my acknowledgments for the opportunity of being heard, and unless I shall be put down by the Chair, I will proceed. I say that I have been a student of the medium of the 'Enquirer' of this city, and the gentleman from Trumbull has been the first to catch up these foul slanders and retail them here, and by way of defense—and all the defense which I mean to make—I merely wish to let the Convention, my constituents, and the public, know who is the author of these slanders. I deem it due to myself, and to those whom I represent, to make this known here, and now. I say that Hiram H. Robinson is the author of these slanderous statements—their character leaves no doubt of their author's identity—there is none more skilled than he is in falsehood and vituperation—none that can compass more of this kind of matter in a small compass. Who, then, is this that has so repeatedly charged us with treason and with violation of our oaths in this chamber? Who is H. H. Robinson, whose name is known as widely as the circulation of the Cincinnati 'Enquirer,' but whose infamy may not be known to the same extent?"

"I have known him from his youth up, and as a private individual I am not going to say anything against him more than this: that many prayers, and the influence of much pious precept and example, have been expended upon him for naught. But it is as a public man that I intend to deal with him—as a public journalist. He published a paper at one time in Morgan county, and from my knowledge of the people of Morgan county, to whom he has appealed in reference to my votes here, I can tell him that he has gone to the wrong people, for I have a double advantage of him there: one of these advantages is, that I have been known there for thirty years; and the greater advantage which I have over him is, that he also is known there. [Laughter.] And I stand here in my place had previous, and assert, that in that county he stood upon the infelicitous public records of that county, and branded as a liar. That is the way he stands there, and that is not all; there is more, that I do not wish to remark upon here, there are suspicious wide-spread throughout that county—suspicious that I have not concurred in, nor do I desire to strengthen them."

"A voice. Give it all."

"Mr. Hawkins—I will do as the Convention shall permit me; I shall not proceed upon the dictation of those who desire to shield a calumniator of this body. Subsequently—this Mr. Robinson became the publisher of the Washington 'Daily Times,' and persevering in his vocation of slander and vituperation, he had been but a few weeks in that capacity till for the publication of a foul article upon the character of the Senate of the United States, he was arraigned before a committee of that body, and after a full and fair hearing, pronounced without a dissenting voice of the Senate, a self-condemned irretrievable libeler, and all who had been unfortunately connected with him, together with himself, were spurned and expelled from their places in the Reporter's gallery."

"This Mr. Robinson has long been known as one who 'made crooked malice nourishment,' and had not his sensibilities been more callous than those of Cain of old, he must have felt affliction, on account of the rebukes and deep ineffable brands that have been stamped upon him."

"Mr. Robinson then comes to this city and assumes the conduct of the 'Enquirer,' and now he seems to be desirous of perpetuating his name by securing a place for himself upon the records of this Convention. Well, let him have it. I wish it to be known as widely as the circulation of the Cincinnati 'Enquirer,' who this individual is, and what he is, that has brought those foul charges against us. He is a man who can with equal relish, damn the memory of the dead, and the character of the living. And I wish him distinctly to understand, that although he may safely charge me with entertaining 'contempt for the press,' and of favoring special privilege, neither my contempt nor his infamy, shall secure him an immunity in his cherished vocation of daily slander and vituperation."

Again, on page 497, same volume, we find the following from Mr. Sawyer, an apologist for Robinson:

"Mr. Sawyer.—But the gentleman insinuated that there were other grave and damning charges which had been preferred against Robinson in an adjoining county; and when he was called upon to name them, by myself and others, did he do so? This was a stabbing in the dark, in a place where the insinuation will go out upon the wings of the wind, all over the country, into all the newspapers of the State. But what is the amount of this dark insinuation? I will give you a little account of it. But, by the way, this man Robinson, who is here charged as a libeler, was, about the time to which this reference has been made, elected by the free democracy to the office of treasurer of his county."

"But with reference to this dark insinuation. Some person, from some dark corner of the State, had broken open the safe of Morgan county treasury, and robbed it of some \$2,000. Two individuals, upon whom suspicion rested, were taken up and charged with this offense. A malicious individual, insinuated that certain persons had knowledge of the taking of this money, and he implicated Dr. Barker, Mr. Robinson, and Mr. Russell. Now, with Dr. Barker, I have an intimate personal acquaintance; and I assert here, that there is not a man of more strictly honest and upright, and unexceptionable private character in the State of Ohio. Of Mr. Russell, I know nothing."

"Mr. Hawkins, interrupting.—I made no charge against Mr. Robinson, with reference to this matter; and the gentleman is entirely mistaken, in the statement that Dr. Barker was charged with any thing in connection with this matter."

Mark the language! Is it not a poor apology for Robinson—a poor recommendation for his honesty? These "dark insinuations"

are not contradicted! The treasury of Morgan county was robbed of \$2000! Robinson was the Treasurer! Who did it? Mr. Barker did not! Who is the guilty man? The people of Morgan county could answer the question, if called upon, as there is but one opinion about this matter in that county. Who is the most suitable candidate for the Penitentiary of Ohio, John R. Williams, or Hiram H. Robinson? Who should be "labeled as a culprit, and fastened to the pillory every night of his polluted life," John R. Williams, or Hiram H. Robinson? We very much fear if a jury of twelve men, indiscriminately taken from Morgan county, were to decide these questions, the State of Ohio would be the recipient of at least seven years' labor from this chivalrous Editor.

Robinson is a fit man, truly, to talk about morals and honesty—to denounce good men in the discharge of a sacred duty. We hope the Democratic party will take the earliest opportunity to secure a decent and respectable man to conduct their paper. In conclusion we have only to say, that had Mr. Williams been acquainted in this city, we should not have noticed this contemptible attack; for in this community the slang of Robinson is understood, and appreciated accordingly. He can slander no man where he is rightly known!

If what we have said above is not sufficient to satisfy the public that this man Robinson is a most consummate scoundrel, and that any thing he may say about temperance and temperance men, is not worthy of consideration, or belief; we have a "little more grape" to spare. In the language of Dr. Fries, a prominent and influential Democrat of the city, if he is not satisfied with this, we can relate a few suppressed chapters in his life, showing why he left the golden plains of California.

An Explanation.

Many of our friends in the country have ordered Tracts from us, which they have not received. Thousands of them ordered and paid for, are now lying in our office ready to be sent off, and only await the decision of the Post Master General in regard to a question of postage raised by our Cincinnati Post Master. We had until a few weeks since sent them by the Post Office at—per ounce, postage pre-paid. The Post Master suddenly finds out that this is not right, and demands 1 cent per copy or \$10 per thousand, pre-paid, or \$20 when not paid—for all tracts sent by the Post Master. This decision was of course a death blow to our tract operation. We could not think of sending Tracts at these rates. We have written to many who have ordered from us, and we hope this explanation will be entirely satisfactory.

Bad Work.

Every few days our ears are greeted with the painful intelligence that a riot, or other dangerous rupture, has taken place between the hands employed on our railroads and other public works. The hands are generally Irish. They are not naturally of a very quarrelsome disposition; but when under the influence of liquor, as they nearly always are under existing circumstances, they are exceedingly troublesome. They frequently become engaged in bloody affrays, and lives are lost for the pettiest causes; whereas, were they not stirred to strife by the stimulating poison, everything would move smoothly and calmly on. Every one must see at once how much more peacefully these men would work together, and how much more they would accomplish,

were this propagator of strife and contentions taken entirely from them. Then is it not the duty of an intelligent community to rid them of the cause of all their discords and bloody encounters? And how can it be done in any other way than by a prohibitory law? Is moral suasion of any utility here?

Music at Twilight.

The soft hour of twilight has its own deep charms. It seemeth at such an hour that earth puts on a few tints of heaven; that she enamours from the bright portals of bliss, the sweet queen of purity and love. But who has not felt these charms redoubled by the melting power of music? Have you reclined on a sofa, with your loved one beside you, as the deep shadows of twilight began to gather around, and listened to the magic of sweet sounds? Then you sit entranced in all the loveliness of heaven, breathing noiselessly and still, while the plaintive and dissolving strains of the musician woo your soul into a floating, dreamy apathy, like a star that melts into the sky. Such is the hour for purity of thought. 'Tis then the natural heart breathes forth its sentiments in undiluted sweetness. 'Tis then our female idol, beaming by our side in all her matchless beauty, even by a whisper, can enrapture us, as if an angel's voice stole out of Heaven upon our ears. Every strain of music at that hour

Oh! it comes o'er our ears like the sweet spirit, That breathes upon a bank of violets, Stealing and giving odor."

HENRY GILBERT, In Attachment, W. H. McCLEURE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested, that at the instance of the undersigned, an order of Attachment was issued on the 17th day of September, in the year 1853, by Robert Carson, Esq., a Justice of the Peace, in and for the County of Hamilton, Ohio, for the sum of thirty-six dollars and ninety-four cents, against the goods, chattels, stocks, or interest in stocks, rights, credits, monies and effects of the said W. H. McCleure, an absconding debtor, upon whom summons cannot be served in the County, and the cause was therefore set for hearing on the 4th day of November next, before said Justice.

ISAAC STURGES and E. W. BROWN, Partners, under the name of ISAAC STURGES & CO. In Attachment.

WILLIAM H. McCLEURE. NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested, that at the instance of the undersigned, an order of Attachment was issued on the 17th day of September, in the year 1853, by Robert Carson, Esq., a Justice of the Peace, in and for the County of Hamilton, Ohio, for the sum of forty-four dollars and eighty-seven cents, against the goods, chattels, stocks, or interest in stocks, rights, credits, monies and effects of the said W. H. McCleure, an absconding debtor, upon whom summons cannot be served in the County, and the cause was therefore set for hearing on the 4th day of November next, before said Justice.

P. A. GARRIOTT and LOYD S. BROWN, Partners, under the name of GARRIOTT & BROWN, In Attachment.

WILLIAM H. McCLEURE. NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested, that at the instance of the undersigned, an order of Attachment was issued on the 17th day of September, in the year 1853, by Robert Carson, Esq., a Justice of the Peace, in and for the County of Hamilton, Ohio, for the sum of eighty-three dollars and forty cents, against the goods, chattels, stocks, or interest in stocks, rights, credits, monies and effects of the said W. H. McCleure, an absconding debtor, upon whom summons cannot be served in the County, and the cause was therefore set for hearing on the 4th day of November next, before said Justice.

J. C. CONKLIN, In Attachment, W. H. McCLEURE.

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